

Call Me

Ferron

After Sally came, it's like we fell apart... no more hands in pockets and whispered, denim doorway talks at night. Love was just a game that lonely tourists played, and we'd weave in and out of their dreams unfettered

But now when she stares you down, you're just like a small shoe lost at sea and until a strong wind blows you round, it's better not to think about you and me, but if there's anything else I can do... why don't you call me...

It's so easy to laugh with strangers who say they've gone sick on love enough. It's harder to tell each other our deepest, secret stuff. There'll always be gorgeous babes around...it's the nature of towns at midnight...liquid, our promises to reach for pleasure and never to fall down

But now when she touches you, you're just like a fire got outta hand and until the facts shine through it might be better if we just don't make a plan. But if there's anything else I can do ...

...Someone's been walking by your lane at night. Someone's been calling out your name so light---come out, come out---someone's been hoping that maybe you'd catch their light...but there's no sign from you, no sign, so maybe it's true that...

...when she pulls you down, you're just like a skip on ship-to-shore. Until the tide turns 'round I guess it's better just to say we both want more, but should there be anything else I can do baby...call me